

Thirty-second street, Port Morris. May was holding a little black kitten when it slipped and fell into the water.

"Oh, Kitty will drown," sobbed May excitedly.

"Get her," said Thomas Ryan, stooping low enough to remove his cap and lay it carefully on the pier. Then he jumped into the water. It happened to be deeper than Tommy expected and he disappeared beneath the surface with a surprised gurgle. As he rose it was seen that he and the kitten were tangled.

The screams of the other children brought to the scene James Driscoll, a consumptive, who comes over from the Island hospital each day to work in the open air on the Health Department pier.

Driscoll plunged in, but when he reached the kitten he dived and drew him beneath the surface. They were splashing about in the water when the superintendent of the Alexander avenue station, racing up and fished them out.

When they were brought over to the hospital, it was feared the exposure to the water might be serious. When Driscoll was taken to his bed, he told his eyes he shamefacedly admitted May Gallagher and solemnly said, "I don't know May, but the kitten went to the bottom."

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